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A
DIALOGUE

Between the

S T A F F,

THE

MITRE, *and the* PURSE.

WITH A

CONCLUSION

By Lord JOHN BULL.

By One who knows them All.

Discordiâ inter Scelestos natâ, Scelerata
se produnt Consilia. Tacit.

L O N D O N,

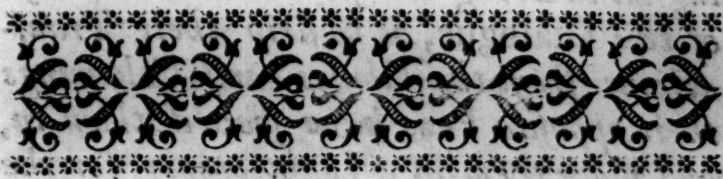
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*A.
Matthews
L.O.C.I.O*



THE PREFACE.



THE Persons represented as conversing together in the following Dialogue, have been lately the Subject of much Discourse, and are likely to introduce a great deal more, as soon as Matters are ripe enough for examining into their Conduct. What they have been guilty of, and how fatal their Power has been, is but too evident; but how they came to publish one another both Knaves and Fools, is as great a Mystery as the rest of their Politicks. It is but a bad Symptom, when they are oblig'd to hire Apologies for their Actions; and when they come to mutual Recriminations, there is a more probable Appearance of their being

The PREFACE.

ing all in wrong Measures. The Business of this Dialogue, is to strip their Transactions from the Glosses and Colourings their opposite Pens have shew'd them in, and place them in a Light proper for the Discovery of their mutual Guilt. Here they speak to the Point all honest Men would have them do, in plain Terms; and, I dare say, there is nothing bad said of them, which they have not said of each other. It is to be hop'd, that 'till we can have a more open and fair Explanation of their Management, in a Place where no Tricks and Subterfuges will be allow'd, the following Sheets may serve to entertain the Readers with a short View of them; tho' I believe their Pictures will be more valuable after the Demise of the Originals.

A

(1)



A
DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

The STAFF, *the* MITRE,
and the PURSE.

MITRE *and* PURSE.

Mitre.



EAR *Purse*, I am
glad I have met with
you, for I have some
News to impart to
you ; tho', perhaps,
it may have reach'd your Ears already,
yet the Repetition of it may not be un-
grateful between our selves.

B

Purse.

Purse. I guess your Meaning: You have heard of that Load of Scandal, which that vile *Trickster*, the *Staff*, has laid upon us two, in order to excuse all his Frauds, Collusions, Perjuries, Villainies, and a thousand other Names which that Monster of Iniquity is guilty of.

Mitre. True, honest *Purse*; G—d eternally c—se me, if I can tell what that hypocritical Sectarist means; but no Good ever came from that Quarter; their *Tongues are set on Fire by Hell*; and all that Hell itself sets on Fire, are not yet equal to that *Staff's*.

Purse. I only wish that I could see the Wretch, to give him his own: He has the Forehead to shew himself every where, but to us, who know him to be a V——n: He visits all the Persons of Figure in the Nation, talks familiarly to the Ministry, and carries his Impudence even into the Presence of—

Mitre. There is nothing a Fellow of his Complexion is incapable of; he has been every Thing, and would again be so, if the Devil, who sometimes deserts his choicest Servants, had not left him beyond a Possibility of recovering one Grain

Grain of Credit, by the Assistance even of the Father of Lies.

Purse. Prithce, *Mitre*, let us take a Turn; he commonly walks this Way, and we may chance to chop upon him; and if we do, we will try if it be possible to abuse him. You have a good Talent that Way, *Mitre*, as well as I; do you take Care for *Scripture* enough, and I'll plead him down with *Facts*.

Mitre. See, he comes, with his Head leaning on one Side, his Body wriggling like an Eel, and his Eyes, like *Solomon's Fool*, directed towards the Ends of the Earth.

Enter STAFF.

Staff. How fares it with you, my good Friends? How are your Eyes, *Purse*, they look something better, faith! O! my dear *Mitre*, are you here too! I bless the Opportunity that gives me the good Fortune of enjoying the good Company of two such worthy Patriots.

Purse. Dost thou sneer us then, thou treacherous, hypocritical V——n? Has not Infamy humbled thy pitiful Wit? Hast thou Leisure to force thine own poor Mirth to a Joak, when the whole

Nation are ready to laugh at thy *Execution* ?

Mitre. *Mene Tekel* ; I say, O *Staff* ! thou art weigh'd in the *Ballance*, and found wanting ; I read thy *Doom*, thou Son of *Perdition*.

Staff. Why, how, my Lords ; upon my Honour, I know no Reason for all these Abuses ; I was always your Friend, and will be so ; I am still the same Man.

Purse. Yes, that thou art, the same canting, dissembling, false Betrayer of thy C——try, thy Friends, and all Things sacred ; that thou ever wert.

Mitre. Have you not hir'd a Mercenary to abuse us ? Told the World, that a Protestant B——p swore, an upright J——ge would sacrifice the Law and his Conscience to a *Pretender* ? Are these the *Wounds of a Friend*, or an *Enemy* ?

Staff. Why, if you will have the Truth, I did know something of the Papers you speak of ; but——and——as I was saying,——not so much——

Purse. You see, *Mitre*, the R——e holds his own still ; how he hesitates and mumbles ; how the Lie almost choaks him ! And, pray, dear Sir, what

what did you know of all the Calumny you have laid upon us? We have Proof against thee; and if there is any Justice left, thou shalt suffer the Fate of G—gg.

Staff. I see you are in Passion; you were always averse to cool Measures. Come, let us state the Matters of Fact, and see if I can't prove you both wicked enough for the Purpose my Scribler has said you were guilty of.

Mitre. In the Name of G—d begin; and I, who have fought against spiritual Wickedness in High Places, will contend with thee, thou Monster of Pride and Treachery.

Staff. So much of you I know, *Mitre*, that if you have fought against spiritual Wickedness, it was only for High Places, which you now enjoy indeed; but I have no Knowledge of Things predestinated, if ever you climb a Step higher.

Purse. Away with thy Cant, Wretch, and produce the Facts you pretend now, and we will soon confront you with better Evidence.

Staff. Well then: You may remember, when all our Fortunes were at Ebb, when an ill Turn of Policies had flung
me

me from my Post of S——y of State,
 what Pains I took, what Intrigues I ma-
 nag'd, to endeavour our Re-advancement;
 and, indeed, that the Q——n, who
 ever entertain'd a good Opinion of me,
 by the Means of a Female Friend, found
 Ways to raise me again to her Favour,
 and exclude our Enemies from any
 Share of the Administration; and was
 not your Possession of the Dignities you
 aim'd at, the Consequence of my Power
 and Interest with the then S——n?

Mitre. Then, I perceive, you have
 the unparallel'd Impudence, to pretend
 that the Scheme was all your own, and
 no other Hands nor Heads engag'd in
 it, beside your own: But, I must tell
 you, I remember as well as you, the
 Time when we were all stripp'd and
 turn'd out; it was about the Time
 when you had like to have been h—g'd
 for you know what. But who was it,
 that soon after that, possess'd the Ear of
 M——y with Panegyricks on your
 Conduct? The very *Female* you have
 since traduc'd; tho' without her, you
 had been a Beggar; tho' the sacrilegious
 Library of your Ancestors was then
 pawn'd, and you had scarce Reputation
 enough to bring up that hopeful Youth,
 your

your Son, upon Tick, at a famous U—
 —ty. Besides, Had not I some
 Share in the Noise about the *Church*,
 and the *Trial*, which turn'd all in our
 Favour? You know what I perform'd
 against the B——ps, what I dictated to
 the inferior Clergy; and that the *Do-*
ctor's Travels upon his Prancer, had not
 been worth a Farthing, if my eloquent
 Speech had not went before, and bespoke
 him a kind Reception. Therefore I
 conclude with—— *Ergo Opera illius*
mea sunt; which is more *Latin* than
 you understand, poor *Hebrew Root*!

Staff. I can bear Reproach, which
 you can't, *Mitre*. But, *under Favour*.

Purse. I am no J—ge now, thou in-
 sipid Affecter of Wit: Tho' I desire
 you would recollect the Services I per-
 form'd in that Affair; and tho' it was
 your Conjuraton that rais'd that Storm,
 the *Trial*, you may be oblig'd to me
 for calming it, in my smooth Harangue
 upon that Occasion, which, you know,
 had a better Effect, than all that was
 said in that solemn Assembly. Besides,
 in private Acts of Friendship, who pro-
 cur'd you Attorneys, Solicitors, Bail,
 and Security, during the Interval of
 your Discharge from Court? Was not

I the Person, who, by preserving you from the *Harpies*, contributed toward your being what you afterward were? The least Return for all these Services, you could make, was using your *accidental Superiority* of Power to my Advantage.

Staff. *Accidental Superiority!* No, it was my Merit; I had ever been a Favourite to my S——n: She knew my Deserts: She parted with me unwillingly once, and receiv'd me again with Joy.

Mitre. You have been told often enough, who you may thank for that; and yet, like a true Saint, impudently persist in advancing your own Measure of Grace. But we will suppose, that you, who, with all your Cunning, could never gain Trust with the Great W——m; and when you could not embarrass his Affairs, with fancy'd Dangers and Chimera's, affecting a pitiful Pedantry over the young Members of the House; that you, I say, a rank *Schismatick* from the Beginning, had some Prevalence at C——t, some Affection from the C——h, and were to play a Game against the preceeding Administrators: Could you do this alone?

Staff.

Staff. No ; and therefore I made Use of thee, thou *Boanerges*, to fulminate in the Co——n ; and thee, thou poor Attorney, to preside over the L—w ; that Law and Gospel might both be wrested for my Use ; tho' indeed I had no Design to employ you long, the Work being done, the evil Instruments should have been turn'd off, and I, the *Staff*, would have rul'd by myself. In short, you play'd your Parts pretty well for a Time ; but I saw thro' you both.

Purse. Lay aside any Pretensions to a Discovery among us, and trace Matter of Fact closely, and let the Impartial judge between us. You have own'd, that you have made Use of the *Tory-Party* in general, as Instruments to advance your Credit, and yet, at the same Time, protest you never were in their Interests : You employ'd their Purfes, their Projects, their Persons, and yet had an Under-Game of your own, and were resolv'd to do them no real Service. And is not this enough to brand thee with the Name of the most ungrateful Betrayer of your Friends ? You value your self upon it, as a Piece of refin'd Policy——

C

Mitre.

Mitre. Hold, Brother—— So that, according to the *Staff*, he that cheats those who trusts him most, is the best Patriot, the truest Christian; and by the same Reason, *Satan* may be accounted a Saint; he promises as much, and performs as little as ever the *Staff* did. Blessed Imp of *Matchiavel*, are these thy Principles?

Staff. To deceive the *Wicked*, was ever held lawful in our *Communion*; and I take some Pride in my being able to have over-reach'd you on that Account. But the Truth is ——

Mitre. Thou art a *Lyar*, and the Truth is not in thee. Your Religion and your Politicks are both of a Piece; but the best is, thou art now incapable of doing Hurt by either of them. It was your tricking, reserv'd Proceeding on the Affair of the P——ce, that made us first suspect you; and the S——m Bill confirm'd us in this Opinion.

Purse. At first, indeed, we approv'd of your Measures, and so did a great Body of the Nation; but that was while we were ignorant of what you intended. That a P——ce was proper and necessary, we thought, and so did even the *Whigs*, upon good Conditions.
This

This we expected from your Management; we wink'd at your frequent Messages across the Water, during a State of War, and hop'd for the best: But when we found, that it was to be kept a Secret, and only general *Speeches* and uncertain Reports were what we were to depend upon, we could not help believing that the P——ce was dishonourable and disadvantageous: For had it been good, you would have trusted any one with the Terms of it, and defy'd your Enemies. This we first took ill, and how justly the Event has made good, since both Parties are asham'd of it, and the whole Load of the bad Articles lye upon the *Staff*, and will and must to Posterity be laid there.

Staff. That you were not in the Secret of the P——e, is very true; for I, who was ever zealous for the Good of the Whole, and never minded *Persons*, but *Things*, was shie of disclosing all to such hot-headed furious Partizans, who might have foisted in an Article in Favour of the P——r; or, in their great Goodness, made his Most C——n M——y Guarantee for the Ch——h of E——d. I saw which Way you tended, went on calmly with my own

Scheme, broke your *Or——*, Meeting, disappointed your Hopes, and approv'd my self a true Friend to the illustrious Family, which now enjoys the C——n.

Mitre. In every individual Tittle of all this, I say, thou liest, *Staff*: For, in the first Place, our Zeal was good and just for the *Lord* and his *People*; we contended, we *fought a good Fight*.

Staff. Yes, and you had almost finish'd your *Faith* too; for you made it to consist in one Article only, *Belief in the C——h*.

Purse. Talk no more Religion, *Mitre*, for this Fellow only laughs at it; assume thine own, and swear and curse heartily; anathematize the Wretch with a Volly of Imprecations.

Mitre. We shall not part without it; but do you, dear *Purse*, proceed, and disprove the Liar; for I can hardly restrain my natural *splendidam Bilem* at present.

Purse. I don't at all wonder that he shifts his P——r upon us; but does it stand to Reason, that he could break an Assembly where he had not one Friend, but those we made him by our Interest there, and which we set up and continu'd in Opposition to him? If the *Staff*,
as

as he says, was so fearful that any should act in Favour of the P——r, why did he not encourage those who were directly against him? and why did he not embrace the certain Friends of the House of B——k, the *Whigs*? Why did he disregard that C——t to such a Degree, that all E——pe stood amaz'd at his Insolence? And when he had sent a poor despicable Wretch of his own Blood thither, why did he not instruct him to make a more agreeable Present to a certain Person, than an *Hudibras*?

Mitre. Why, you know great Persons present others with their Pictures; so the mighty *Staff*, equally renown'd for *Valour, Beauty, Politicks, and Religion*, as that famous *Knight*, gave the History of his Adventures, as a Pattern of his own.

Staff. Perhaps I had some private Reasons for my Actions, as well as you had for yours; but, in the general, I do affirm, that I always cultivated a good Correspondence with the S——r, during the Life of her M——y; that I told plainly what must ensue, and how impossible it was for any other Pretences to take Place. At the same Time I pointed

pointed out the dangerous Precipice to which you, and your worthy Accomplices the *Ja——s* were driving: None of your Menaces could move the *Staff*; and none of your Projects disappoint the Measures I had taken for the full and entire Security of the Nation. Tho' you were forc'd to have Recourse to the Female-Favourite, and *plough'd* with my *Heifer*, yet all your Insinuations came to nothing; and, if they had, your whole Company had neither Sense, Courage, nor Conduct, to maintain the Power you aim'd at for half a Year.

Mitre. O renown'd Son of Bravery! Thou Half-*Matchiavel*, and Half-*Achilles*! Thou *Sorites* of unintelligible Lies and Mysteries! Thy *Sense* and *Courage*! It is enough to make a *Divine* swear, to hear of such a Paradox.

Purse. Patience, dear *Mitre*; let me alone with him. We have told you before, *Staff*, of your Neglect of the S——r, and all Mankind saw it as well as we; and as to the Encouragement of *J——tes*, you yourself have own'd, that they repos'd a great Confidence in you, thought you at the Bottom of their Design, and even some *within Doors* believ'd the same; and, on that Score,
struck

struck into all your Schemes at first. You confess, that you gave them Hopes to believe so; but that you only amus'd them with a vain Pretence, and were in your Heart directly opposite to their Projects. Be it so. But can it be imagin'd, that they should entertain any such Hopes, without a little more *explicit Dealing* than you generally used? Had they no Promises, no Promotions, no Bribes, nor Overtures? If there were not, indeed, we must look upon them as the most ignorant and credulous Wretches that ever engag'd in any Design; which it is not easy to imagine, since they knew your Temper and Management too well before, ever to trust you again, without possible Assurances and sufficient Explanations. But we will suppose, for once, that it was a meer Amusement, that the Craft of the *Staff* blinded their Eyes to that Degree, that they could not see into the Trap you laid for them, *viz.* to serve your Turn, and then discard them. Suppose all this; you by that own what has been continually laid to your Charge, the Encouragement and Support of a Party, the profest Enemies of the Constitution, the bitterest Haters of the S——n; and,

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in one Word, all to a Man, either actual or eventual Traytors. The *Whigs* had certainly good Reason then to suspect a Conduct which look'd so like acting for the Pr——r ; and therefore with great Justice call'd upon you, in whose sole Power it rested, to remove this Scandal, to turn off your *indefeazible* Advocates, to declare openly what you intended, and not act like a poor unresolv'd *Neuter*, designing to secure an Interest by the Party that should prove most powerful. And what has the great Politician the *Staff* to answer to all this? Why, a musty Maxim of *State*, apply'd to no Purpose at all, but to shew the Folly of the Writer. For if it be sometimes necessary to encourage a Party, who are no Friends to the establish'd G——t, it was not so in this Case, all laying at Stake, for the Success of a precarious and doubtful Maxim: And as for your Parallels, look on the Event of them, and see what more concerns us, how much King *Charles* suffer'd for that false Step in Politicks.

Mitre. Well done, honest *Purse*, I don't know how he will get off from your Arguments ; how *crest-fallen* he looks ! I wonder he does not begin to breathe
forth

forth a *Heart-breaking, Self-condemning, Grace-begging Ejaculation*, all his Forefathers were used to do upon these Occasions. Hast thou enough of the *J——tes*, dear Son of *Purity* and *Predestination*?

Staff. No; not enough yet, thou pamper'd *Levite*! I have more to say still, and much more than you care to hear; but I don't desire to be answer'd, as you once did a *Brother of yours*, with Railing and Reproaches, instead of Sense and Reason. Well now, what have you to say to my Management of that Party in *N——b B——n*? Did I not shew one of the greatest Master-pieces of Cunning and *Finesse* that has been play'd in any Age, by my making the Favourers of the *P——r's* Interest in those Parts, to be sent up as *Re——ves* in Parliament? I did not think it sufficient to give them a bare Intimation of the Services I had in my View for them; but shew'd them such a satisfactory Instance of my Attachment to them, that they, *had they* been *Infidels*, must have believ'd me in their Measures. And yet, after all this specious Shew of Kindness, when they triumph'd in the perfecting of their belov'd Scheme, and thought of nothing less than its taking

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an immediate Effect by a Sanction in P——t; at that very Time I *dup'd* them, turn'd about, and shew'd myself their utter Enemy. The Snare that I laid for them, was to draw them out of those Parts where they were most capable of doing Mischief, and place them where they could see their Project disappointed, without being able to move a Hand to help themselves. The whole Affair succeeded as I wish'd; they were elected; they grew big with Expectation; they found my Friendship a *Chimera*, and departed Home full of Resentment and Indignation at their own Folly. It is true, they curs'd and damn'd pretty roundly, and devoted me, the poor *Staff*, to the Devil; but I had my Point, and could bear with a few ill Words for so meritorious a Service: Who do you think was for the *J——es* now?

Mitre. And is this all thou hast to say for thy Innocence? You might as well have reckon'd up your own *Welsh* Genealogy, as have told this insipid Tale to us, who know the *Secret* of that Affair a little better, for all the Goss your *Scribe* has put upon it. I tell thee then, thou *Arch-Hypocrite*, the Motives

tives for this last Game of thine, were for another End, than any Disservice to the P——r's Cause: It was the dear *Kirk* in which you were nurs'd, that was your Concern at that Time: It was the *Secularist*, more than the *Statesman*, that invented that politick Fetch, to remove the Favourers of *Apostolical Divine Episcopacy*, from that Quarter, where their Assistance was useful, and had been often experienc'd by their Friends. You wanted to give the *Kirk* an Opportunity to let loose their Revenge upon the *E——ians* in *Sc——nd*, which they did without Remorse, and no Doubt, by your Encouragement, as soon as they found the Asserters of their Doctrine trick'd into Pa——t. Now did the C——h and B——ps of E——d, who receiv'd thee, a *Renegado*, into their Bosoms, extoll'd your Conversion, and began to forgive the Impiety and Sacrilege of all your Fore-fathers, deserve this Treatment from you? Who set up the Reputation of your Mi——y, who flourish'd upon the *bloody Knife* of the furious *Assassin*, but the good, the pious, the forgiving *Clergy*? And yet, the unlucky Hand of thy *Half-Executioner* struck not deep enough

to work out the inveterate Core and Rankness of the *Pr——an* Spirit within thee. I vow these Things almost make me disbelieve a Providence.

Staff. Likely enough, likely enough!

Purse. Leave him, dear *Mitre*, to his own profane Raillery. However, there is one Question more upon this Subject, which I would fain have answer'd. The *Staff* tells us, That these *Zealots*, who thought him in their Interest, were directly for the *P——r*, and hop'd to have his Title confirm'd by the *Le——re*; and yet, tho' they had his seeming Protection, no one of them ever offer'd the least Proposition of that Nature, and only one was heard to bear reflectingly on the *Su——n*. Now it can't be imagin'd, that this should proceed out of Respect to the *Staff*, since they thought themselves secure of him; and therefore any reasonable Man would conclude, that the *Staff* calumniates those honourable Persons, only to make good his impudent Assertion, of *being for what he always oppos'd*. Besides, if you had only put on your wonted Face of Dissimulation, in a Matter of such Importance as the *Su——n*, how came it about, good *Staff*, that you chose a
late

late D—ke to be Em——r to F—ce,
 whom your Scribe owns to have been in
 the same Measures with these Men?
 and *The Memoirs of Scotland*, a Book
 which he is sometimes pleas'd to appeal
 to, makes the very Head and Chief of
 the Confederacy? Had not he by that
 Means enjoy'd the fairest Opportunity
 of concerting and managing an Interest,
 the most destructive to his Country, and
 defeating the Hopes of all good Subjects
 in their Expectation of a Pr——t
 Su——n? But, no Doubt, you
 have an Evasion even for these palpable
 and visible Testimonies of your notori-
 ous Vi——y.

Staff. Have you talk'd your selves out
 of Breath? and may I have Leave to
 re-criminate in my Turn? I say then,
 if I had transacted all these Things in
 Favour of the Person you mean, I do
 not know any two Men in the Kingdom,
 would have been more ready to thank
 me for it, to stile me *Deliverer* and *Pa-
 triot*, than the *Mitre* and *Purse*. But the
 Uprightness of my Conscience testifies
 for me, that I had no such Views, and
 labour'd incontinently to frustrate them
 in you and your *unsanctify'd* Brethren.
 My first Aim was a P—ce, a good
 P—ce,

P—ce, which, maugre all the Opposition of Parties, I effected, that so I might the more easily pave the Way to a quiet and peaceable Su——n, which perhaps might not have been so easy, had we been involv'd in a War. I ty'd down the K—g of F——ce to an inviolable *Bona Fide*. I work'd the A—es into a Temper to receive it; and, in one Word, so confirm'd and establish'd what I had at Heart, that no human Power, in all Probability, could prevent it; and the Event has justify'd me in every Particular.

Mitre. So then, I find you had read the *Book of Life*, damn'd *Predestination*, and found it calculated to a Minute at what Time her late Ma——y should be gather'd to her Fathers, and so were resolv'd to have her die in Peace. But never expect thy Cant will have any Effect on us of the *Orthodox*, the Ox——n, and, what I triumph in affirming, the *Laudean Hierarchy*.

Purse. But pray, *Staff*, if the P—ce was the Method to accomplish your Designs, why could it not have been manag'd in a Way to please the Su——r, whom you design'd to serve, and been made so, that there had been no Occasion

on for his remonstrating against it? It was indeed a refin'd Compliment, to sacrifice the Honour and Credit of the C——try he was to enjoy, to give him an Opportunity of retrieving it; to grant a conquer'd Enemy such Terms, as a victorious one would scarcely have impos'd; to make the Nation mean and despicable in the Eyes of all *Europe*; to add a greater Lustre to the Character that should raise it to its ancient Pitch of Glory and Renown. This was, in Earnest, such a deep-laid Scheme for making a Merit where you were contemn'd, that could have enter'd into no Man's Head, but so dark an unintelligible Contriver as thy dear Self. But you ty'd down the only Enemy we ought to have fear'd in that critical Conjunction, and so slept securely, having made Provision, by a *Bona Fide* on that Side, to let all Things succeed as you wish'd. Now, it is a great Doubt with Heads as wise as your own, what Motive it was that restrain'd that *conscientious* M——ch's Hands; and where had your Politicks been, upon the Supposition of his not keeping his Word? Had you been half the *Patriot* your Assurance bespeaks your self, you would certainly

certainly not have suffer'd the Nation to be at such a Plunge as it was in that Conjunction: The Fleet would have been ready mann'd, and fit for sailing; the *Ex*——— would have been full; the Nation easy, and at Peace within it'self. The contrary of all which, happen'd at the Time when the Dissolution of her late M———sty surpriz'd us all ——. O the fatal Time! who can remember without a Tear—?

Mitre. See how the V——n grins, as if he were triumphing over the Ashes of dead M———sty! Awake, Vengeance! Strike the Monster of Ingratitude to his Hell—. Are there no Furies? No Flames?

Staff. Away with your ill-tim'd Exclamations, dear *Spiritual* Conjuror; We did not meet to make fine Rhetorical Flourishes, or whine the Time away with Sighs and impertinent Sorrows; but to argue and prove our Desert to the late Q——n. And since you, *Mitre*, are a Man of *Logick*, and deep Reasoning, let me acquit my Conduct in the Affair of the P——ce, by a *Dilemma* or two from my most impartial *Historian*. If, as the *Whigs* say, (and you *Tories* do the same now) the *King of France* was
at

at the Doors of Ruin ; that another Campaign had overwhelm'd him and all his Kingdoms, and that he was not able to have held another Year ; then it must be undeniably true, that he stood in Need of a Peace. If then he stood in such Need of a Peace, it was not likely he would break it again for the Pr——r, whose Interest was desperate, and placing on the Throne so difficult, as that in his highest Prosperity he could never bring it to pass. If, on the other Hand, he did not stand in Need of it, why did he give up so much to obtain it ? Here is Argument ! What have you to say to this ? Does not the Writer deserve to be term'd the *Irrefragable* ?

Mitre. It is a Sign how little you understand of Reasoning, when you call this Argument ; the poorest, meanest *Sophistry* that ever was contriv'd. 'Faith, *Staff*, by the Sense of it, I believe you wrote that Paragraph yourself. Your Writer then should have consider'd, in the first Place, that the Question was not, Whether the King of F——ce stood in Need of Peace, and therefore would not break, if he did stand in Need of it ; but, Whether it were proper to make a Peace in that

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Manner you did? Suppose he granted so much as you affirm, to obtain it, another *Campaign*, the same G——l, and the same *Alliance*, would have made him grant more, and put it entirely out of his Power to effect any thing; and then his *keeping*, or his *breaking* his Word, would have signify'd nothing at all; the latter had been as prejudicial to himself, as the former would be advantageous. As for us, we did not desire any of those scandalous Steps should have been taken, of removing his only *Terror*, the D—ke of M——gb, of deserting our A—s, or signing in private a half Year before a Confirmation in publick. And for your other Part of the *Dilemma*, I wonder you have the *Fore-head* to mention it, *Why did he give up SO MUCH? So much!* I am asham'd to say which was the *giving* Party—. But I will leave a *Maxim* of Sir *William Temple's* with you, worth all the Politicks you were ever Master of, and which we have seen verify'd in a miserable Instance. *It is a vain Council, says that excellent Statesman, to avoid a War, by yielding any Point of Interest or Honour, which does but invite new Injuries, encourage Enemies, and dishearten Friends.* Think of this,

this, *Staff*, and, if it be possible, repent, before you are forc'd to do it in your *last Speech*.

Staff. I shall consider that at my Leisure; but depend upon it, whenever I depart, I shall have none of your *auricular Tribe* for my *Confessors*. I thank Heaven, I had the *Grace* to despise you even while I employ'd you, and kept close to my first Principles, which, tho' they were made the Instruments of my Fall in this World, by your Subtily, yet they give me comfortable Hopes in the next.

Mitre. Ay, ay, you and *Judas* will be sav'd together.

Staff. I know your Charity, *Mitre*, and your Generosity to your Friends are both alike: For tho' I rais'd you Step by Step, 'till you came to the Possession of your present Dignities, you forg'd that ungodly, unchristian *Bill*, the *Schism Act*, on Purpose to destroy me. I know you made your Boast among the Party, of the famous *Touch-stone* you had prepar'd, to try the Integrity of the *Staff*; and what Insinuations you had prepar'd for the Ear of my Royal Mistress upon my Conduct in that Affair. But I chose to lay down my Ho-

nours rather than my Conscience, and only desir'd Time enough to caution her against your violent Measures, and prevent your first Project. This I did, and resign'd my Ensigns of Authority as calmly and serenely, as ever a good *Roman Dictator* did, after a Train of Services for the Good of his Country. I left you in your Weakness, to be laugh'd at by your Enemies; and had the Satisfaction to see you all confounded at the first Approach of the P——n whom I had labour'd to secure in the Possession of his undoubted *Right*.

Purse. Most worthy *Staff*, thou hast taken a vast Share of Merit to thy self; but what Right you have to it will be easily discern'd, when I have prov'd all your Assertions, except the first, as false as thou hast been to all Mankind. The *Schism-Bill*, it is true, was thy Tryal, and by that thou wert condemn'd; then you stood forth a confirm'd publick V——n. As for the Loss of thy Authority, it was owing to thy Treachery, which was abhorred as soon as it was related to the Ear of M——sty; tho' you had still the Impudence to deny it, 'till it was prov'd to your Face: And then, how did you *fawn*, and cringe, and beg
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for a three Days Reprieve ! How abject, how contemptible were you in the Eyes of the Court ! But when the last Scene came, and thy Power was extinguishing, what Fumes and Vapours did the Snuff of it exhale ! What Impudence was it for a vile *Creature*, rais'd from the most depreſt Fortune, by the too eaſy Credulity of a good So——n, after the ſhort Space of a four Years ill Management, deriving a Load of Diſhonour and Poverty on a whole Nation, to preſume to affront, reproach, and inſult even the Sacred Perſon who made him almoſt out of *Nothing* ? On the other Hand, the faithful Service we perform'd iſknown to all, both during the little Time we enjoy'd that valuable Life, and after it too, carrying our Reſpect to the Memory of the Deceas'd, in a Manner becoming good Subjects, and transferring the ſame Duty, from the firſt Moment, to the glorious Su——r.

Staff. You, *Purſe*, may thank *Lord John Bull* for that, who gave you that Advice ; and as for *Mitre*, I don't know any Thing that he did, but put off his new *Coach*, and appear in his old one at the Ro——l Entrance. A great Piece of Humility in ſo good a Chriſtian indeed !

deed ! But I, tho' fall'n from my Dignities, still stood fair in the Eyes of the World, and shew'd my Zeal with as forward an Appearance as the best and greatest of my Brethren.

Mitre. But you don't tell how well you were receiv'd ; how every one shunn'd and avoided the Sight of you, fearing the Scandal of even being look'd at with you. It seem'd as if Villany was infectious, and every Man was afraid of catching some treacherous Principles from your very Vicinity. And as for the remaining Part of your Farce, you over-acted it to that Degree, that the *Mobb* it self had Sense enough to inform you of the Counterfeit, receiving you with all the Marks of Contempt and Indignation, that a generous deluded People could shew to the *Wretch* who had betray'd the Honour of their Nation. All this Time, we went on in our Duties unblam'd and uncensur'd : I perform'd my Part at the Obsequies of the late S——n, with a due and tender Piety ; and the vigorous unweary'd *Purse* calm'd the Minds of the People with his excellent Harangues, and provided for the Exigencies of the Publick, like a firm and generous *Patriot*.

Staff.

Staff. A great Merit truly, to do what he could not help, and act in Conjunction with a Number, that it had been Madness to oppose: But does he remember what pass'd at Lord *John's* Speech upon the Demise, *If it must be so.* For me, let my present Condition speak, how well, how honourably I am entertain'd among all Men.

Purse. Wretch! Poor Insignificant! If thou could'st pick a Jury of twelve Men in the Nation, who would not hang thee, I will be oblig'd to hang for you.

Staff. And so you may perhaps—— For I think that I have provided for my self, whatever becomes of you, and the rest. The Benefit of his *Clegry* may save *Mitre.*

Mitre. Excellent Devil! Thou hast had the Prelude to thy Execution already; thou art universally precondemn'd; and, for my Part, I will make a *Church-Bonfire*, and sing *Te Deum* my self the Day thou diest.

Staff. I fear nothing; I am the Favourite of the Nation.

Purse. You will find you're mistaken; we, who have detected your Villainies, claim that Title: We are paid half already

ready in Praise and Applause; and the Remainder will come with Interest, at thy *Exit*.

Staff. I say, I am the Darling, the Idol of the People; and my History proves it. I say, it is my Merit, and my Political Virtues that are applauded and admir'd.

Mitre. I say, thou liest; and that unless you could believe the People guilty of as great Hypocrisy as thy self, you could never have a Thought of their Praises.

Enter Lord John Bull.

Lord Bull. What, quarreling, my Friends; and about your mutual Deserts too? P——x on it; I always took you to be Men of common Sense before now; but I begin to be asham'd of the Suspicion, since you are become such incorrigible Asses, as to dispute for that, which not one of you has a Title to. Come, dear *Staff*, thou great Sup-
porter of *Hebrew-Syriac*, thou *chosen*
Son of *Abraham*, thou *Sejanus* in thy
Sobriety, *Cato* in thy Wine, leave off
abusing thy Friends, and cast up the Ac-
count

count of thy own Wickedness, before you lay any Thing at their Doors. And you, Blessed Pair, *Mitre* and *Purse*, equally fam'd for Volubility of Tongue, and Depth of Politicks, lay aside your vain Pretensions to Honesty and good Conduct; you all know that I am too well acquainted with you, to believe one Word of the good Qualities you bestow on your selves. *Staff*, thou wert from the Beginning a V——n, art so still, and wilt continue so to the End of the Chapter. *Mitre* was ever an ambitious, aspiring, insulting Tool in Spirituals, and long'd to be so in Temporals. *Purse* still was a Well-wisher to all evil Projects, tho' he could never be Chief in any. And yet why the De——I need not this be a Secret; what Occasion is there for producing one another into Light? Was not private cursing, and drinking Confusion in a Bumper, sufficient? You have made fine Sport indeed with your *Secret Histories*; and you have got as much Reputation by it among the People, as a Gallant would among the Ladies, by boasting of the Foulness of his Blood, and the Infection of his *Carcass*. But I can't forbear thanking you for the kind

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Words

Words you all give me, tho' I know it proceeds more from *Fear* than *Conscience*. You knew well enough, if I had drawn my Pen, and enter'd into the Lifts, I should have display'd you all with a Vengeance; every Man of you had soon been *Felo de se*, after my Satyrical Pen had drove you to Despair. For the future, I advise you to look upon me as a Pattern, who was as deep as any of you in the Mystery of Iniquity; and yet, by a forc'd Gaiety of Spirit, and the comfortable Assistance of Wine and Wenches, I seem'd to laugh at Mankind, as if I had nothing amiss; which the Ignorant take for Innocence, and the Wise allow to be preferable to Sullenness, Despondency, and *Secret History*. Go, get you gone, enjoy your own Guilt, 'till the *Day of Account* comes; and a *Bottle* extraordinary will make even that bear a tolerable Aspect.

Mitre. I cannot go without cursing the abominable *Staff*.

Staff. Do, do it; I had rather hear you *Curse* than *Pray*; it is more suitable to your Character.

Mitre. By the Power to me committed from the *Succeffour* of St. Peter, first Bishop of R——e, I curse thee, O
Staff,

Staff, in thy Head, the Origin of Mischiefs; in thy Eyes, and about thy Temples; in thy Cheeks and Nostrils; in thy Mouth, the Sanctifier of all V—y; in thy Teeth and Jaw-Bones: Be thou doubly curs'd in thy Neck; be thou fast bound with Curses in thy Neck; thy Breast, thy Belly, thy Legs, thy Feet, and thy Toe-Nails, be accurs'd; thy Heart, thy Liver, and thy Entrails, be all accurs'd. In every single Part, and in the Whole, be thou compleatly accurs'd. By the Mouth and Power of me, Fran—Mitre.

Purse. Amen, Amen.

L. John. I have a little more Charity left, than to agree with you in that; tho' I have no great Opinion of the Effect, if the Imprecations had happen'd upon me; but I wonder how the Modesty of *Mitre* came to leave out *One Part* of the Body in his Curses, which I value most.

Staff. Well, Lord *John*, you and I will to our old Merriment, the *Bottle*, and leave them to feed on their Spleen.

L. John. With all my Heart; that makes all easy still; and so, *Purse* and *Mitre*, farewell; the next Time we meet, we will have more Wit and less Politicks.

F I N I S.